

The Fulton County News.

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LETTER FROM WISSNER.

WILL JOHNSTON, OF THIS PLACE, RECEIVES A VERY INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

SAN NICOLAS, PROVINCE OF CEBU, ISLAND OF CEBU, P. I.

MY DEAR PAUL:—

I was indeed pleased to hear from you. I enclose the diary of Alexandro Eribe, a corporal in the Rebel Army. From papers that were given me to translate I learned that he was a man of great bravery and had been appointed corporal because of his conduct in battle. He was killed in a skirmish on Christmas day. This little book* was found on his person. The first entry speaks of his taking part in the battle of the 12th, 21st, and up to the 22nd of September, at eight o'clock in the evening. The last entry speaks of his going out to scout on Christmas morning. It was his last scout. Peace to his ashes.

As I sat by the window of our barracks, looking across the street, I noticed a man with a band on his arm and "that reminds me" as Kipling says, that "Pedro Luga" is a married man. His wife is about 19 years of age—a little chit of a brown woman with black eyes and hair, and the blindest little feet. They have three babies—or, rather, did have for one is dead. Last week, I couldn't sleep for several nights because of the crying of the youngest child. One morning the crying ceased, and the mother ran into the street yelling like one possessed, picking up handfuls of dust and throwing them on her head, crying "acong anoc patay na"—"My child is dead." Soon the women of the neighborhood began to gather, and as each new arrival reached the scene, she joined the lament—the babies took up the cry—the dogs began to howl. The whole scene was comical as well as pathetic. Pedro had been quite chummy, so I went over to offer my service before inquiring. I learned that the dead child would be buried the next day if Pedro could raise enough money for the funeral. A funeral costs a good sum in their eyes, for they make great death. Pedro was penniless but the boys made a little purse for him and the company tailor made a white shroud for the "child" out of an old undershirt. The child was washed and laid out on a board. Pedro, with a handful of money, went down to the market and returned with two sucking pigs, some fresh buffalo meat, vegetables, and a great bundle of dry fish. The neighbors gathered their crockery and prepared for a great feast. At sunset I went over and found about fifty natives feasting, laughing, drinking palm wine and singing. The father was in a condition of maudlin drunkenness. So much so that he wanted to embrace me. I found the mother squatting on the ground, groaning and moan- ing over her dead child. The feasting and drinking continued all night. About daybreak Pedro came over and extended me an invitation to be present at the funeral exercises which were to take place at ten o'clock. About half-past nine, four little boys dressed in white, carrying a bier on which rested a little wooden coffin, painted white, arrived at the house. The baby was placed in the coffin (which had no cover) and the bier was carried out under a cocoanut tree. The boys seated themselves at each end of the bier. The neighbors again gathered, each carrying a handful of white flowers, which they placed in the coffin on top of the child. At ten o'clock the band came and then a carriage containing the priest and two altar boys. After the ceremony of the Catholic church which is the same the world over, the priest re-entered his carriage. The

procession to the cemetery formed. First, the priest in his carriage. Second, the band. Third, the bier borne by the four little boys. Fourth, Pedro with one child in his arms and leading the other. The mother did not accompany the body to the grave, but after the procession was formed she rushed forward and threw herself on the coffin and took a last kiss of her child. Mothers hearts are the same the world around. Fifth, came the neighbors—the men in their clean white clothes and the women with black skirts and white mantillas. The signal was given and the procession started. The band began to play, but strange to say, not a dirge but a lively piece of music. After a pause it struck up, "A hot time in the old town." You ought to have seen Pedro. He had a smile on his face and walked as proudly as though it was the grandest hour of his life. Even the child in his arms seemed to partake of his feelings and every now and then would clap its hands and shout. The cemetery was reached and after a few words from the priest, the body was removed from the coffin, shoved into a kind of vault, lime thrown in upon it and the crowd dispersed. The band returned to the home of Pedro and after being treated to TUBA (Palm wine) gave quite a concert. At ten o'clock Pedro paid them off and dismissed them. That afternoon Pedro told me that he felt very happy; for, thanks to the aid of his soldier friends, his child had had one of the grandest funerals ever held in San Nicolas. I asked him the total cost. "Four pesos," he said. Two dollars American.

From the above description, my dear Paul, you may get an idea how the people live here and what peculiar customs they have. The only natural thing about the whole affair was the mother's grief. This morning I spoke to her but nothing I could say could win a smile from her. There is a great deal of sickness here among the soldiers; but thus far no deaths. We have sixty men down with malaria, but as the wet season is approaching, we hope soon to be all well. We leave here with two Maxim Nordenfuss guns, and a three two-inch cannon next week to occupy a rebel town ARGAO, to do garrison work there.

I have found a great deal of curiosity among the boys here as to how people live in America, and as to what boys do over there. One thing I can't explain to them and that is, snow and ice. They have no words for these things in the Viscayan language, and the Spanish words contain no meaning to them. One thing here I know would surprise you very much, and that is, neither boys nor girls wear any clothes until they are about 8 years of age. The boys are taught to swim as soon as they are able to crawl; and, as for climbing, they could give the monkeys points and beat them. At every meal time there is quite a crowd of boys about our quarters begging for bread. They never saw bread until the Americans came here, and they look upon it in very much the same manner as you would regard "lemon custard pie." It is hot here in the lowlands all the time. We sleep without covering of any kind. A bed would be useless here. I have slept either on the ground or on boards for 7 months now. I like the country and the people and would like to stay here until I have made a fortune. I have filed a claim to a vein of coal, but am afraid it will be a long time before I can work it.

Just as we go to press we learn of the death of Mr. Benjamin Lyon at his home at West Dublin aged about 83. Funeral Thursday.

Send a copy of the NEWS to your friends in the West.

THE ECLIPSE.

The approaching total eclipse of the sun, due next Monday morning, May 28, promises to be an event of transcendent interest to the people of the United States generally. The first occurrence of its kind since eleven years ago, it will also be the last till eighteen years later. And, as children not born at the time of the former will see and appreciate this eclipse, so many who see and appreciate this will have passed away before the next eclipse. While the path of totality is a narrow band running across a certain part of the country, the partial eclipse will be seen from ocean to ocean and from Canada to the Gulf.

While this eclipse will be of particular interest to men of science, a large number of whom, from this country and others, will repair, with their instruments of observation, to the region most favored, yet it will also be of extreme interest to all men of average intelligence. If one possesses a telescope, of even moderate power, he will find it helpful in making his observations. But, with or without a telescope, one must not expose his eyes directly to the sun's glare, lest he be temporarily, or even permanently, injured thereby. A piece of glass, evenly smoked, should be prepared in advance, and the sun observed through it, to see if it be sufficiently dense. Then, as the eclipse begins, one may steadily watch its progress, note its culmination, and follow its decline to the very last. If one be within the path of totality, his observations will be particularly interesting. The moment the moon cuts off the last beam of light, the sun's corona will burst into view, a marvelous halo of radiance, extending millions of miles into space; this will completely crown the moon's dark body, and present an imposing sight. Close to the moon's body will be seen red flames leaping up from the sun to the distance of thousands of miles; these are the burning hydrogen of the colossal furnace. But one will have to make quick observations, for only a minute and a half will expire before the moon will pass on, and the sun's light will break out afresh.

Yet another method of observation pertains to watching for the shadow as it comes across the landscape. The path described by the moon's shadow will lead up from the Pacific Ocean, across Mexico and the Gulf, then take a northeasterly course across this country, taking in New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Macomb, Columbia, Raleigh and Norfolk; thence it will strike across the Atlantic to Portugal, Algiers and Egypt, and its end will be at the Red Sea. One should stand upon an elevated point where he will have a broad view toward the southwest, whence the shadow is expected. The partial shadow which precedes the total eclipse will make only a limited impression. But the deep shadow which accompanies the totality will try the nerves, as it is seen coming from afar. Away in the distance the landscape will be seen suddenly to disappear as if in a process of annihilation. An awful pall falls across the country blotting out hills, valleys, streams, forests, buildings. Silent as its approach, there is an impression of terrible energy, inasmuch as it sweeps forward at the rate of 1000 miles an hour, and apparently effaces every thing in its path. In an instant it has enveloped the observer, and he stands in the midst of what used to be regarded one of the most awful of the phenomena of nature. But now, in the same direction whence came the shadow, he sees the light again breaking out. It touches the same hills, valleys, streams, forests, buildings, and "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," they are resurrected; on comes the welcome radiance, till the fifty-five miles of shadow have completely passed, and the observer is once more enveloped in the sun's welcome beams.

GRESS—REXROTH.

At Gettysburg, on Friday, May 11, 1900, by Rev. Barkley, pastor of the Reformed congregation at that place, Prof. Harry E. Gress and Miss Annie Rexroth, both of this place, were united in holy wedlock. McConnellsbury does not possess a more worthy young couple, and the NEWS extends most hearty congratulations. It is only ten years ago that Harry, as a pupil, left the little ungraded school over the Ridge and entered one of the Editor's summer normals. Since that time Harry has found time to graduate with honor at a State Normal, teach nine years, including three years principal of the McConnellsbury High School, accept an appointment as principal of one of the leading Soldiers' Orphan Schools, and—get married. No one but a school teacher would take chances on being married at Gettysburg. May it be, that as the happy couple turned from that historic town, they left behind them the last battlefield they shall witness in life.

KNOBSVILLE.

At this time, (Tuesday morning), the air is cool and bracing. The recent rains have given all vegetation renewed life, and every blade of grass and grain seems to have another hue. The farmers feel renewed hope for their crops, which were suffering from the continued drought.

Bark peeling has about closed up, and preparations are being made for the transportation of immense quantities to market from this section. This must be done entirely with wagons and horses.

There is at present a mad dog scare in South Dublin. A large mad dog from Ayr township having passed through as far as Fort Littleton where quite a number of animals were bitten by him, among which were the fine large dog of Landlord Barnett, two dogs each for E. Baldwin and D. Cromer, a hog for M. D. Haiston and others. The animal then turned in a southerly direction, followed by Mr. Cromer and others, who overtook the animal near John Sherman's in Pleasant Valley, where he was killed, thus ending an exciting episode, but the result of the animal's visit to this section may be serious, but we hope to escape any disastrous consequences.

We notice that some of our recently married young men who are working at Kearney are home on a visit. We are always glad to see them, and our merchants seem to be happy when the boys come home.

Thomas Barber, daughter Mrs. Falkender and her daughter were Saturday and Sunday visitors at D. H. Myers, also Mrs. John Oakman and daughter, accompanied by Miss Debbie Oakman, John V. Glunt and son and Geo. Bradnick, and later on Grant Baker.

So snake stories are ripe. We will give you a truthful one. When returning home from a visit to Reuben Helman's on Friday last the writer saw a large black snake crossing the road, being an expert in snake killing he seized a large stone and without delay placed the serpent hors du combat in short order, when he found the reptile measured five feet nine inches. On Saturday morning, when passing the spot he noticed the reptile lying on the bank of the road. On returning home an hour or two later he was surprised to see an almost exact counterpart of the dead reptile lying on the opposite side of the road, and on closer examination found that the last one had received its death in an exactly similar manner as the one killed by the writer. Of course this is not really a snake story in the true sense of the word, neither is the coincidence strange, as at this time of the year reptiles travel in pairs to long distances.

MAD DOG.

The good people in the neighborhood of Fort Littleton have been a good deal excited over the appearance of a mad dog. Last Wednesday a strange dog appeared in the community and bit Dan Cromer's big "Sheep" and two dogs for Elijah Baldwin at the mill. The dog was not seen for a day or two, when he turned up on Sunday and bit the old hound at the hotel and a pig for Mercer Hastings. It was felt Monday morning that time had come for prompt action, and several men went gunning for his dogship. Fred Cromer got his eye on him near the residence of D. H. Myers, and in a moment after, a shot from his trusty gun turned the dog's toes in the air. The animals bitten have been killed. Too prompt measures cannot be taken against a dog that shows any evidence of rabies.

FINGERS SAWED OFF.

The many friends of James B. Austin, a former merchant and postmaster at Saluvia, will regret to learn of an accident that came to him.

About a year and a half ago, Jim decided to relieve himself of the cares of business; and so, dropping the yardstick and cancelling stamp, he sold out to Bob Speer, and went out to Pullman, Illinois. Here he accepted a position in the great car works, and was getting along finely until the evening of the tenth instant when his left hand was caught by a buzz saw, and in a twinkling, every finger of his left hand was sawed off close to the hand.

IN BUCK VALLEY.

The following arrangements have been made for the observance of Memorial Day in Buck Valley:

Sermon will be preached in the M. E. church or in the grove near by at 10:30 a. m., Sunday, May 27th, by Rev. E. R. Simon.

On Wednesday, May 30th, appropriate exercises will be conducted by the G. A. R. and W. R. C. Meet at the M. E. church at 1 o'clock p. m. All Sunday schools and other organizations will participate.

Didn't Pan Out.

Our good friend J. Wesley Hoop, of Licking Creek township, is a progressive farmer. From the scarcity of bacon this spring, and the high price it is bringing in the market, it occurred to him that there ought to be lots of money in the hog business. His plan was to provide himself with a good brooder and raise a big lot of pigs. He argued that if one pig could be raised and sold for ten dollars, one hundred pigs would bring one hundred times ten dollars or one thousand dollars—and a thousand dollars is not picked up every day. Well, he secured a mammy pig, and one day not long ago he went out to the pen and there was his first litter—just one pig. That was disappointment enough; but in a few days the pig died, and all his visions of a fortune in hog raising vanished.

Dingley—Holley.

Henry R. Dingley, of Maine, and Miss Ella Jane Holley, daughter of Silas Holly, of Amaranth, Pa., were married in Cumberland Tuesday afternoon, of last week, by Rev. Frederick H. Howden, rector of Emanuel Church. Mr. Dingley took his bride to Cumberland Tuesday morning. His bicycle broke down at Hancock and he walked 16 miles to Amaranth after her. He fought in Cuba during the Spanish War and is now employed at Cumberland. He claims to be a nephew of the late Congressman Dingley, of Maine.—Hancock Star.

GONE.

The NEWS told you last week that at the time of going to press our little Mary was lying unconscious. At half past two that (Wednesday) afternoon, the poor little soul breathed her last. For about a week prior to her death, her suffering had been indescribably severe. The disease was cerebro meningitis and much of the time she was writhing in convulsions.

She was aged seven years, seven months, and seven days. During the past three years, she and her sister Cora, four years older, have had their home in our family. We were greatly attached to the child, and it was a severe trial to have to give her up; but her loss to us, as keenly as we feel it, is only what every other feels in thus parting with a member of one's family.

Commendable.

Mrs. Joe Edwards, of Taylor township, has been sick for several months, and on that account the usual housecleaning in her well kept home has been delayed. But she has kind neighbors. Last Wednesday, Mrs. William Laidig, Mrs. Casper Brant, Mrs. Joe Fisher, and Misses Margaret Clevenger, Nina King Anna Hockensmith, and Lena Laidig, Fairview Epworth Leaguers, went to the home of Mrs. Edwards, and with mop, broom, and scrubbing brush, gave the sick lady's home just such a thorough removing as the good woman herself would have done if she had been well.

It is the dispensing of such acts of kindness and thoughtfulness for the comfort of those less fortunate than ourselves, that makes life worth living.

Oldest and Youngest.

Mr. James Miller, a life insurance man of Pittsburg, accompanied by his son Warren, spent Sunday night and Monday with his sister, Mrs. Daniel Mock, of Tod township. Mr. Miller and his son came to this county, primarily, to visit his brother "Uncle Dan" Miller, who has been very sick at his home on Clear Ridge for some time. Mr. James is the youngest, and Uncle Dan the oldest, of a family of thirteen children. James says he and Mrs. Miller have a family of ten children. The boy he had with him is the baby—little past twenty one, who, on his 21st birthday weighed 233 pounds, and he does not look like he needed cod liver oil, by any means.

WELLS TANNERY.

The recent rain has changed the appearance of our valley wonderfully. One man made the remark that he "was not thankful for it, for the reason that it was not sent sooner."

James Stewart has recovered from his recent illness and returned to Langdondale to handle the yard stick.

Moody Stewart and Harry Truax, two of our successful school teachers have gone to Altoona to attend business college.

Miss Nora Griffith has gone to Rock Hill to school, Horace Griffith has returned home from Derrick City where he was principal of a graded school.

Mrs. Mary Hunter and son of Lewistown are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wishart.

Miss Nellie Fesler of South Fork is the guest of her sister Mrs. Bess Bivens.

Morris Baker took in the sights, or a part of them, in Philadelphia last week.

The Wells Valley Lumber Company has secured a planer and will soon begin to haul away there large stock of lumber smoothed on one side.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Wilson of Fort Littleton spent Monday in town.

Superintendent Chestnut was in McConnellsbury the first of the week.

Miss Lena Laidig, of Hustontown, spent Monday at McConnellsbury.

Will Cowan, of Foltz, spent Wednesday on this side of the mountain.

Paul Dishong spent a few minutes in the NEWS office while in town one day last week.

William Spriggs who has been in Altoona for some time came home last week for a few days.

Mrs. George R. Unger and son Edmond of the Cove are visiting friends in Hancock this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hege and their little daughters, Esther and Myrtle, spent Monday in town.

Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith spent several days visiting friends in Everett. She returned on Friday.

Bartimeus Smith, Esq., one of Belfast's most worthy citizens spent Friday last in McConnellsbury.

Mr. Tommy Barber and daughter, of Saltillo, spent a day or two last week with the family of D. H. Myers.

Mr. Denton Hendershot of Bethel township spent Wednesday night with the family of Prothonotary Lynch in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shepherd and family are visiting Mrs. Shepherd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kendall in the cove.

Jim Smith went along home with landlord John Fisher Tuesday, and will make himself useful about the Fisher House in Bedford this summer.

Rev. F. S. Houser, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at this place, but now of Mechanicsburg, spent Friday night at the Washington House.

Mrs. Otto F. Rexroth of Washington, is, after an absence of six years, visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah Goldsmith, and other relatives and friends here.

Dr. W. L. McKibbin and his brother George spent two or three days in town this week. The Doctor seems to have quite recovered from his illness of last winter.

Mr. Clarence Sipes of the NEWS office, accompanied by his sister, Miss Blanche, spent last Sunday with the family of Mr. G. Runyan Sipes in Licking Creek township.

Mr. A. W. Johnston and his grand daughter Miss Mary called Tuesday afternoon. Mary was quite interested in witnessing our big power press turning off the Fulton County NEWS.

Landlord John Fisher, of the Fisher House, Bedford, drove down to McConnellsbury on Sunday and spent a day or two with his brother-in-law and sister, Postmaster and Mrs. S. B. Woollett.

Mrs. John Sheets spent several days during the past week with her sister Mrs. Dr. Hanks at Rays Hill. Mrs. Hanks has been right sick for some time. The trouble seems to be a form of neuralgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Snotts of Altoona are spending a couple of weeks among their many old friends in this county. Mr. Snotts is in the carpenter department of No. 2 Round House P. R. R. Shops, and has a nice position.

Mrs. J. Walker Johnston was in town Monday and favored the NEWS office with a short call. It was her first visit to McConnellsbury for several months. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that she has recovered her health again.

AMARANTH.

Miss Amy R. Hixson and brother Guy spent Saturday and Sunday visiting relatives in Brush Creek valley. . . . Mrs. Sarah Carson and son, George, spent Thursday with Mrs. Daniel Straightiff, of Robinsonville. . . . Miss Ella T. McKibbin and little niece, Mary, spent Sunday with the family of George McKibbin. . . . Mrs. Maria Crawford, who has been seriously ill for some time, was able to be moved Saturday to H. A. McCrill's. . . . John D. Hendershot and Reuben Mellett, two of Bethel township's enterprising farmers, passed through this place last week, going to Everett. . . . Mrs. Geo. McKibbin, of Buck Valley, spent part of last week visiting relatives near Hancock. . . . Lee Crawford, Michael Brabson, and Frank Karns left Sunday for Potter county where they expect to spend some time taking the jackets off of hemlock.

Stake and Thompson are busy applying a coat of paint to George Cooper's new building.